



Some News for P.O. ALBERT DICKINSON

came quiet for once, grannie and Lance's slim, blonde mother began to wonder what the young man was up to. "The only time the house is quiet is when Lance is up to mischief," they said.

A quick search revealed the culprit—he was out in the back yard with his baby sister, who has just learned to toddle. Lance was giving baby Pamela a demonstration of how a fine model warship should be sailed—and in Grannie's tin bath at that!

Baby Pamela, though deeply interested in the latest strategic naval manoeuvres, couldn't appreciate them to the full until Mummy hoisted her on her knee. Then the fun really started.

"Lance is perfectly happy if he can sail his boat," Mrs. Dickinson said. "He takes after his Daddy in many ways. Pamela isn't old enough to realise who Daddy is, for when she last saw him she was only four months old."

What Al Male heard on a bus THE MORNING AFTER THE BLITZ

"DID you hear the swine over again last night?" she asked, before he had pulled up the knees of his pants and settled in the bus. "Wasn't it awful? Such a lovely moonlight to hand out trouble... Oh, I get terribly worried... can't do a thing, when that beastly shrapnel crashes all over the place... I'm panic-stricken."

I thought I was never going to get home, especially when the bombs beat the sirens by weeks... I sort of knew that something was going to happen to me.

Rescued

Just as I was about to pass out with fright, I staggered... yes, literally staggered, across dear old Jose... and was I grateful?

She invited me in for a minute or two, then decided that we might as well have a cup of tea... I must have looked like death warmed up for her to think of a revival... then, for something to take my mind off the horrors outside, she produced a pack of cards, and proceeded to tell my fortune.

I don't believe in fortunes, of course... utter rot... but I will say she told me a thing or two... positively uncanny, it seemed to me, how she hit the nail on the head.

Oh... you and I... You know... Casually held out a pack of cards and asked me to take one. The cards were face down, so of course I couldn't possibly see which one I selected... but... honestly... I couldn't have chosen a more enlightening one... positively revealing, my dear.

I thought she was bluffing at first, but when she rattled off about a dark man in my life I sat up and took notice.

Oh... not much, darling... just that there was a dark person in my life... very fond of me... just my type... described you to a tee, as a matter of fact... said this person was, unfortunately, married... had a stool pigeon of a wife... though he tolerated all her peculiarities, and was a slave to her, even though he was destroying his very manhood in the process.

My hero

That he was too noble to ever dream of giving her up, even though he knew he had made a mistake... hated to shatter her girlhood dreams or such stuff... that he was secretly nursing a love for me, but was far too much of a gentleman to show it, even though he was suffering untold agonies in consequence.

THE DEATH CRY OF EVELYN FOSTER

An Unsolved Crime

By STUART MARTIN

ABOUT a dozen years ago there was a kind of epidemic of unsolved murders. Criticism was directed at Scotland Yard from certain quarters for not finding the killers, and a demand was made for "reform"—mostly from people who didn't know much about the Yard methods.

In 1931 eight unsolved murders were committed within the first ten months of that year. In 1930 there were five. In 1929 there were eight.

Much of the criticism of Scotland Yard was wrongly focused. I am not concerned here with the fake confessions that popped up here and there. Hardly any murder that contains an element of mystery takes place but some perverted mind seeks queer publicity out of a "confession." Of course, some confessions turn out to be genuine, but not many.

I am reminded that there was a confession some time after the Ascot Gold Cup was stolen. But I know that there were police officials who couldn't accept it, just as they couldn't accept others in other crimes. The police get a lot of extra unnecessary work in this way; but there is no space here to go into that.

The failure of the police in the "epidemic" referred to was, some critics held, due to existing regulations. One was that a police officer must not question a suspect until the suspect had been informed that there was no obligation to answer. This regulation does not now exist.

Local police were not compelled to call in the aid of the Yard if they believed they could solve the problem themselves. In not a few cases the local police believed they could—but didn't. This was so in the case of Beatrice Prendergast, who was stabbed to death at Brighton in 1930. It was so when Samuel Hill was murdered at Hull in the same year; and when Mrs. Julia Wallace was murdered at Liverpool in 1931, and (also 1931) when Mark Scott was murdered at Barnsley.

A dying statement

It was so in the extraordinary case of Evelyn Foster, who met her death on Otterburn Moor in January, 1931. In her dying statement she declared that she had been attacked by a man who hired her car. The police at first discredited her story.

Evelyn Foster was a 28-year-old motorist who worked for her father, Mr. J. J. Foster, the proprietor of a motor omnibus

and car garage in Otterburn. On the night of January 6th she was found dying beside her wrecked car a few miles from her home, by one of her father's employees, a bus conductor, who saw the blaze of the burning car and climbed down a bank to investigate.

That was about 9.30 p.m. In her agony she cried out several times, "Oh, that dreadful man! That dreadful man!"

The doctor who was called to attend her saw there was little chance of her recovery. She died some hours later; but before she died she made a statement.

This statement, produced at the inquest, disclosed certain undisputed facts. Evelyn Foster had a saloon car which she used for hiring work.

She had been employed that evening in taking passengers towards Jedburgh, north-east of Otterburn. On her way back, she said, she was hailed at Ellishaw by a strange man, who wanted to go to Ponteland, south of Otterburn. She agreed to take him, but on reaching Otterburn she found that she was running short of petrol.

It was proved that she generally carried a two-gallon can of petrol in the rear of the car, but she apparently wanted more in the tank. The man, she said, remarked that while she got the petrol from her garage he would walk towards a bridge to see if the last bus for Newcastle had passed. She was to pick him up at the bridge if the bus had gone, and take him to Ponteland.

This was what she told her relatives while she was refusing to go to the garage.

The statement went on that this stranger had attacked her at the spot where she was found beside the blazing car, and that he had stunned her and then pushed the car over a bank (so it was assumed) and set fire to it.

She told the doctor that after she was attacked the next thing she remembered was hearing an explosion, presumably from the petrol tank.

She also said that while she lay on the ground she heard a car approach, slow down, and then drive off.

Nobody seems to have seen this car on the road. Not to put too fine a point on it, there were people who believed that the passing car existed only in her imagination.

Yet some days after her death a Jedburgh motor-agent came forward and said he was the man who drove that car. I

am not here questioning this motorist's action, nor blaming him in the slightest degree for passing on. He probably did not know there was a dying girl near the blazing car. I am stating the fact to show that Evelyn Foster's statement was proved true in this particular.

The inquest on the dead girl was itself remarkable in some ways.

It was widely rumoured that the police did not accept Evelyn Foster's story and were inclined to the theory that she had set fire to the car herself in order to get the insurance money.

Question of burns

At the inquest, the opinion of Dr. Stuart MacDonald, patholo-

gist of Durham University, was given as to the cause of death. He said there was no evidence of the girl being struck; whereupon the Rev. J. Brierley, local vicar, who was a member of the jury, asked: "In your examination of the face, you say there was a bluish discoloration. Does not that suggest a bruise on the face?"

Dr. MacDonald agreed, but later qualified the statement. As to the burns, he said that "if she threw some petrol into the back of the car and set fire to it, with her left leg probably on the running-board and her right on the edge of the step," it might have been possible that she was thus burned. "But," he said, "I cannot understand, if that were the explanation, why there should have been such localisation of burns."

He was asked if this localisation would take place if petrol had been splashed over her. He replied that it "was possible."

The jury brought in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown.

After the inquest the father of the dead girl wrote to the Home Office alleging that a high official of the police had stated that the inquest verdict was against the weight of evidence. The Home Office is be-

lieved to have replied explaining the situation and promising that investigations would continue.

Perhaps it would be as well to explain at this point that the verdicts of coroners' juries have practically no authority so far as police action is concerned. It rests with the police whether they accept the verdicts and act on them, or not.

However that may be, investigations did continue. The B.B.C., on January 8th, broadcast descriptions of a man, who was described as "5ft. 6in. in height, of slim build, wearing a bowler hat and dark overcoat and suit." Police patrols rounded up garages and other likely places. Inquiries spread over the North of England. Sev-

eral "clues" were raised and then dropped.

The death of Evelyn Foster is still a tangled mystery. With her dying breath she kept talking of "that dreadful man." She did not waver in that. Would she—would any woman—face to face with death, and in utter pain, persist in a falsehood?

I went over the trail on that moor, with other investigators. The circumstances were ideal for murder. The ground was bound hard with frost. No footprints, no tyre marks, could be observed.

"But why," one who discredited Evelyn Foster's story asked me, "why did she call at the garage for fuel without her passenger?"

My reply is simple. "Would an intentional evildoer care to be seen at the garage?"

I believe what Evelyn Foster told her relatives. I believe the criminal was the man who asked her to pick him up at the bridge. I believe that on that lonely moor a dispute arose—either about the fare or about something darker and more evil.

One thing I am sure of. The man who killed Evelyn Foster knew the district intimately. I accept the verdict of the coroners' jury. It was murder.



gist of Durham University, was given as to the cause of death.

He said there was no evidence of the girl being struck; whereupon the Rev. J. Brierley, local vicar, who was a member of the jury, asked: "In your examination of the face, you say there was a bluish discoloration. Does not that suggest a bruise on the face?"

Dr. MacDonald agreed, but later qualified the statement. As to the burns, he said that "if she threw some petrol into the back of the car and set fire to it, with her left leg probably on the running-board and her right on the edge of the step," it might have been possible that she was thus burned. "But," he said, "I cannot understand, if that were the explanation, why there should have been such localisation of burns."

He was asked if this localisation would take place if petrol had been splashed over her. He replied that it "was possible."

The jury brought in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown.

After the inquest the father of the dead girl wrote to the Home Office alleging that a high official of the police had stated that the inquest verdict was against the weight of evidence. The Home Office is be-

lieved to have replied explaining the situation and promising that investigations would continue.

Perhaps it would be as well to explain at this point that the verdicts of coroners' juries have practically no authority so far as police action is concerned. It rests with the police whether they accept the verdicts and act on them, or not.

However that may be, investigations did continue. The B.B.C., on January 8th, broadcast descriptions of a man, who was described as "5ft. 6in. in height, of slim build, wearing a bowler hat and dark overcoat and suit." Police patrols rounded up garages and other likely places. Inquiries spread over the North of England. Sev-

eral "clues" were raised and then dropped.

The death of Evelyn Foster is still a tangled mystery. With her dying breath she kept talking of "that dreadful man." She did not waver in that. Would she—would any woman—face to face with death, and in utter pain, persist in a falsehood?

I went over the trail on that moor, with other investigators. The circumstances were ideal for murder. The ground was bound hard with frost. No footprints, no tyre marks, could be observed.

"But why," one who discredited Evelyn Foster's story asked me, "why did she call at the garage for fuel without her passenger?"

My reply is simple. "Would an intentional evildoer care to be seen at the garage?"

I believe what Evelyn Foster told her relatives. I believe the criminal was the man who asked her to pick him up at the bridge. I believe that on that lonely moor a dispute arose—either about the fare or about something darker and more evil.

One thing I am sure of. The man who killed Evelyn Foster knew the district intimately. I accept the verdict of the coroners' jury. It was murder.

Do you see what I see?

FRESHLY-CUT flowers are placed on this table every day, in front of a mackintosh-clad statue seated in an armchair, in the village street of Middleton, near Pickering, Yorks.

Perhaps you have travelled the road, too, and seen the antique shop in the village where this takes place.

Even when the shop is closed the statue remains. Anyway, the mackintosh keeps him dry during the wet weather.



Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a Bombay Duck?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Holy War," (b) "Holy Willie's Prayer"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Landau, Victoria, Taxi, Rolls-Royce, Hansom, Wagonette, Brougham?
4. Who was Neslor?
5. Where is the Forest of Arden?
6. What is a palmer?
7. What is meant by rugose?
8. Whence is cinnamon obtained?
9. Who was Peregrine Pickle?
10. Pleistocene refers to—plastic materials, modelling clay, a geological age, a kind of picture, an inhabitant of Plais-tow?
11. In what year did Boadicea defeat the Romans?
12. What is purl?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 115

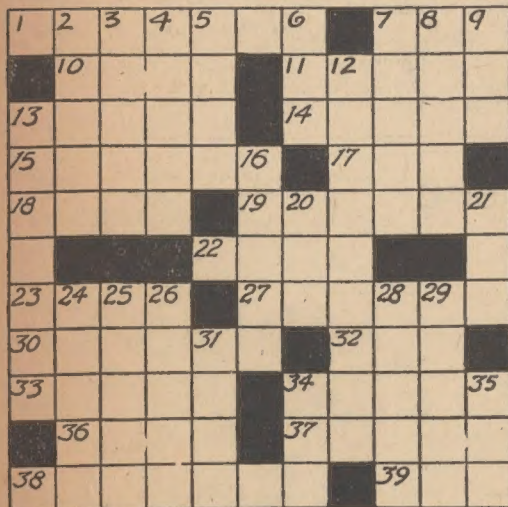
1. An Australian marsupial.
2. (a) Shakespeare, (b) G. B. Shaw.
3. Eggs are a natural product; the others are manufactured.
4. Jesse Willard.
5. Eastern U.S.A.
6. Sucking-pig's trotters.
7. Very obstinate.
8. A plant whose root is used medicinally.
9. The Monkey People in Kipling's "Jungle Book."
10. An alloy of copper and zinc used for ornaments.
11. Indubitable, Undeniable, Ineligible.
12. 10 stone 7 lb.

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.
Earl of Rochester
(1647-1680)

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
Sir Philip Sydney
(1554-1586).

There can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.
John Lyly
(1553-1601).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Luck bringers.
- 7 Inferior.
- 10 Undisguised.
- 11 Wrathful.
- 13 Prodded.
- 14 Projection for mortise.
- 15 Opposed.
- 17 Ventilation.
- 18 Escritoire.
- 19 Discussion.
- 22 Expansive.
- 23 Shanks.
- 27 Social classes.
- 30 Chooses.
- 32 Side of fireplace.
- 33 One who eats.
- 34 Store houses.
- 36 Air.
- 37 Girl's name.
- 38 Of the occult.
- 39 Sussex town.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SHAPES FOLD
TALON CANOE
ELOPED GAPE
ALE RUG GEM
DO AVERTE
Y VIA EAR H
FARTHER SQ
BAR EAT HIT
RULE SIMILE
INERT NAVAL
GATE EGRESS

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Overhead.
- 3 Welfare.
- 4 Office employee.
- 5 Chances.
- 6 Perch.
- 7 Common place.
- 8 Make expiation.
- 9 Private room.
- 12 Counsel's extra fee.
- 13 Rowed gently.
- 16 Poems.
- 20 Girl's name.
- 21 O.K.
- 24 Best class.
- 25 Group.
- 26 Odour.
- 28 Intemperate one.
- 29 Hard wood.
- 31 Boot mould.
- 34 Noise.
- 35 Golf mound.

HE PRAYED TO THE
SUN—IN GIBBERISH

PSALMANAZAR'S adventures along the Rhine and in the Low Countries were many. At Landau, where there was a French garrison, he was arrested as a spy, but escaped with expulsion from the town. He found almsgivers liberal, but, being an extravagant spender, never kept any money in reserve.

His clothes became so shabby that at any hostel for pilgrims or strangers he was always herded with the lowest people, so that he became infested with vermin. At Liege he was rescued by an alleged recruiting officer in the Dutch service, who really kept "a grand coffee-house, and billiards, and other games," at Aix-la-Chapelle.

To this he took Psalmanazar as a servant and also as a curiosity who might attract customers. Some of the visitors did, indeed, converse with the supposed Japanese and bestow money upon him, most of which his master took.

Psalmanazar, however, was not long at Aix. Sent one day on foot to Spa to fetch his master, he grew disgusted with the journey, and decided to return home. But, after passing through Cologne and Bonn, he fell in with an officer of the Elector of Cologne, who persuaded him to enlist.

THE BEST SWEARER.

His regiment contained many deserters from the French service, a very profligate lot, who quickly corrupted the raw German recruits mingled with them. Neither drinking, gaming, nor the other favourite amusement of the regiment attracted Psalmanazar. But he admits to having blasphemed with the worst of them.

Whether or not out of some curious freak of conscience, to allow himself to do so more freely, he now professed himself an "unconverted" Japanese. In his famous "Description of Formosa," some years later, he claimed to have been discharged from the regiment as a heathen who refused conversion. But this was not true. His colonel got rid of him as too tender for the fatigues of a soldier's life.

It was a hard winter at Bonn, where the regiment was quartered, and Psalmanazar, while forced to surrender his uniform, was unable to get back his civilian clothes.

Turned adrift in barely enough to cover him, he tramped to Cologne and re-enlisted, this time in a regiment

of the Duke of Mecklenburg, composed mostly of Lutherans and in the pay of the Dutch.

THE HEATHEN.

He described himself as a Japanese heathen, and gave the name of "Salmanazar," taking his inspiration from Shalmeneser in II Kings xvii, 3. The spelling, on going to England, he first changed to Psalmanazaar, and finally to Psalmanazar.

The officers in this new regiment appear to have been a curious set, whose delight was to hear the supposed Japanese heathen disputing on religious matters with his comrades, and especially with the Roman Catholics among them. He had also some practice with the Lutherans; and when the regiment in the spring entered Holland, he represents himself as having indulged in extraordinary antics.

When a religious service, Lutheran or Calvinist, was being conducted at the head of the regiment, he would turn his back, and, facing the sun, make a show of prayers to it in the sight of all.

He had a little book with figures of sun, moon and stars, having "filled the rest with a kind of gibberish prose and verse, written in my in-

vented character, which I muttered or chanted as the humour took me."

It is rather difficult to credit that such conduct was tolerated openly. But there is no doubt as to his invention of a script, running from right to left, to match his alleged Japanese language; and he gradually added some grammar, a new calendar, and so on.

Events were now at hand which encouraged him to continue and develop his imposture.

IMPRESSED THE GENERAL.

Toward the end of 1702, it would seem, Psalmanazar's regiment came to Sluys, where there were already quartered a French and a Scottish regiment in the Dutch pay.

The governor of the town was a Scot, Brigadier George Lauder, a relative of whom, Alexander Innes, was chaplain to the Scottish regiment. Between them, these two Scots were the means of Psalmanazar's introduction to England.

Psalmanazar tells us in his "Memoirs" that he had broken himself of the horrid habit of swearing he had contracted when he first became a soldier. He had never given way to the other common military vices. He noticed that his comrades were far more shocked by the sarcasms which he levelled at their religious views than if he had indulged himself like them.

But he claims that the sober ones, and even some of the ministers of religion, commended him for his defence of virtue, while disapproving of his heathenism.

Soon talk of this curious Japanese came to Brigadier

Lauder's ears, and he asked him to his house, together with several officers, the minister of the French (Walloon) Church, and the Rev. Mr. Innes. After dinner, Psalmanazar engaged in argument with the minister, Isaac d'Amalvi by name, whom he alleges that he worsted.

Innes appeared interested, complimented him, and invited him privately to his house to discuss religion, being confident that he would easily convince him.

There can be no doubt that Alexander Innes was himself capable of baseness. Though he became a Doctor of Divinity and assistant preacher at St. Margaret's, Westminster, he did not scruple to publish under his own name in 1728 a manuscript which a friend of his, Dr. Alexander Campbell, had left in his care.

At present, however, Innes was only a regimental chaplain with longings for preferment. He must have seen something in Psalmanazar, which shows that the latter does not entirely exaggerate when he makes himself out to have been such a remarkable young man.

Innes frequently invited Psalmanazar to his house, and seldom failed at parting to "clap a small piece of Dutch silver" into a not unwilling hand.

"CONVERTED."

The process of conversion of the heathen was not long delayed. Psalmanazar was getting very tired of the hardships and poor pay of military life, of which he had altogether about two years.

Continued on Page 3.

Psalmanazar
—King of
Impostors!

ODD CORNER

WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA, the flat-earth champion of Zion City, Illinois, foretold the end of the world for 1943. He believed that the earth was shaped like a plate, and spent his life proving it and forecasting its end. He first predicted that the Day of Judgment would come in 1923, and then postponed it successively to 1927, 1930 and 1935. And now—1943. But he died before he could postpone it yet again.

Students of the Great Pyramid foretold the Day of Judgment for 2036, and fitted the last Great War very neatly into their scheme of dates. According to them, the Millennium began in 1936, but they are having to revise their programme.

The Hindus put the end of the world at about the year 4,320,000, when it will be destroyed by fire and water, while the Parsees favour the date 3,000,000, and add that the destroying river of fire will be—to the faithful—a bath of warm milk.

The Russian "Shakers" believed in the imminence of the Last Day, and abandoned all work to await the blast of doom. They lived in one hut, drank weak tea, and shivered, shuddered and shrieked perpetually, in imitation of their leader, Malevanny. When they tried to convert the Russian Government most of them were clapped into asylums.

The mathematician, Whiston, predicted that the comet of 1712 would appear on Wednesday, October 14th, at five minutes past 5 a.m., and that the world would be destroyed by fire the following Friday.

That week, thousands of people got into boats and rowed into the Thames, the captain of a Dutch ship threw his cargo of powder into the sea, Sir Gilbert Heathcote ordered the Fire Brigade to watch the Bank of England, and on 'Change South Sea and India stock fell several points.

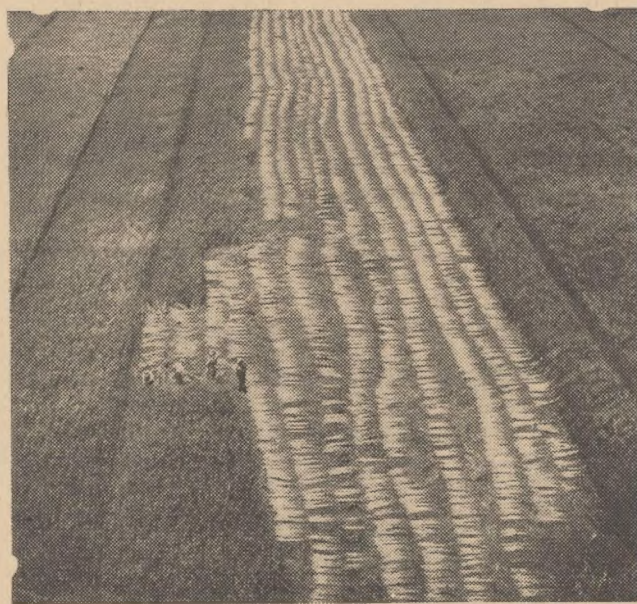
They say—what
do you say?

THE DOCTOR.

THE only contribution so many laymen make to the important question of a comprehensive medical service takes the form of criticism of the cost to the patient of medical treatment, and the standard of living of the general practitioner. If there is a too high standard of living, this is to a large extent forced on the doctor by the undiscerning public with a definitely commercial outlook, which leads it to judge the doctor's ability by outward appearances.

Dr. H. A. Sanguinetti
(Kensington).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



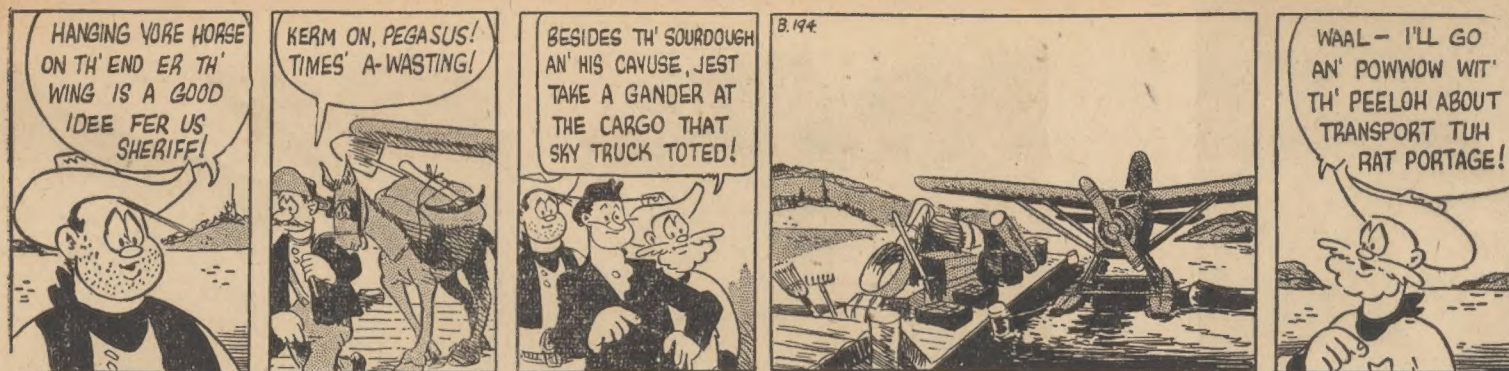
Know anything about agriculture. Can you tell us whether this is a crop of Soya, Rye, Flax or Onions? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 115: The Monument.

JANE

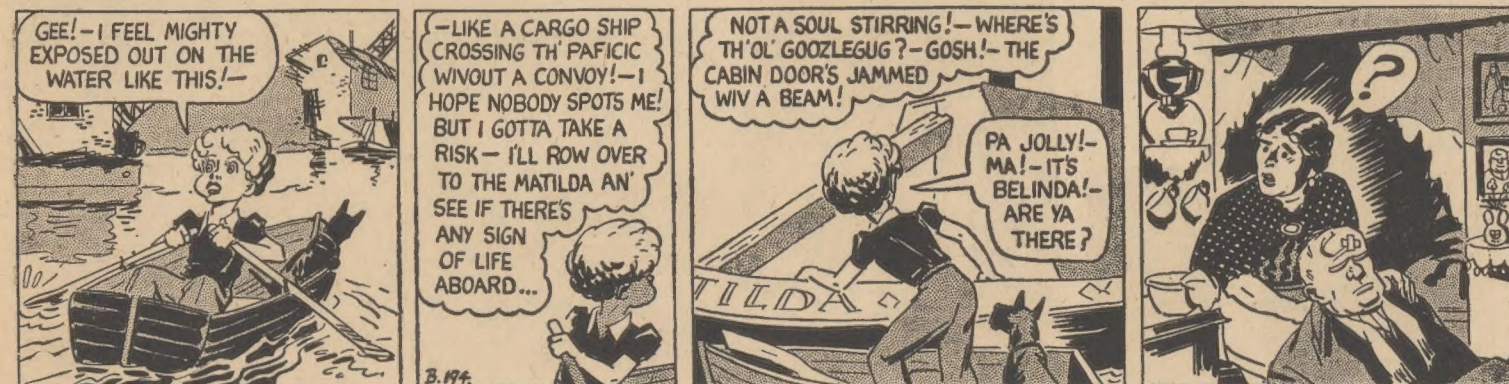
The King
and "Queen"
of
Cornucopia
take horseback
exercise
in the
grounds of
Cosmos castle



Beelzebub Jones



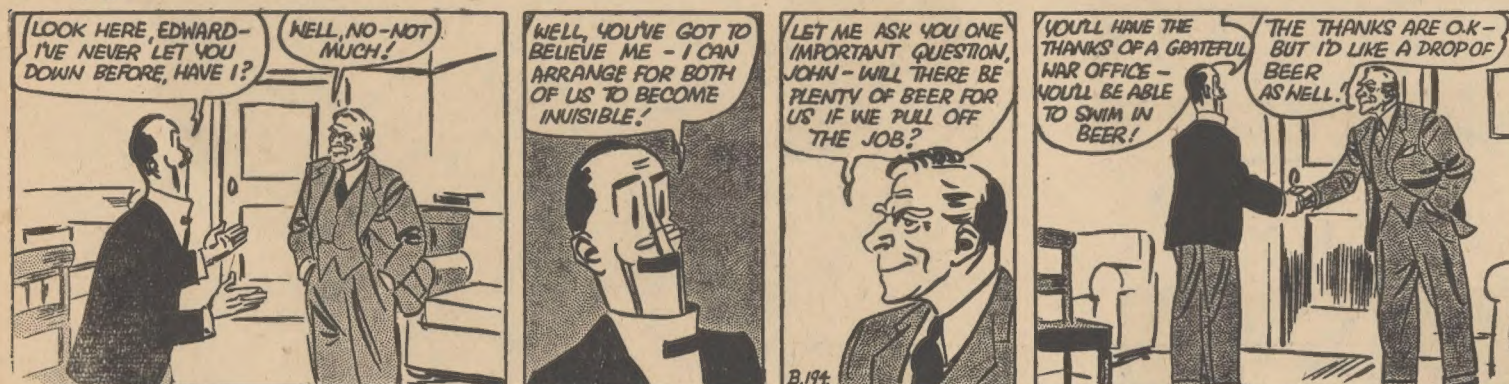
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



THE KING OF IMPOSTORS

Continued from Page 2.

Innes promised to procure his discharge from the army and to take him to England, and, as soon as he saw him ready to yield, wrote to Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, with whom he seems to have had some acquaintance.

To him he represented his interesting protégé as having been carried off by Jesuit missionaries from Formosa to Avignon, where all attempts to

make a Roman Catholic had failed. To escape the Inquisition he had made his escape to Germany; and now he was in Holland, ready to be received into the Church of England.

No immediate answer came to this letter; and Innes appears to have grown anxious lest some other proselytiser should carry off his "Japanese." He resolved to baptise him without waiting for Compton's reply.

First, however, he reduced him to a sufficient state of humility by letting him know that he had detected his fraud. He gave him a passage of Cicero to translate into his pretended language, then gave him the same passage over again, compared the two versions, and pointed out their inconsistencies. So seriously did he speak that Psalmanazar expected instant exposure.

But suddenly Innes's brow

cleared, and he gave the youth a friendly look. Warning him to be more careful in future, he set his mind at rest.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Psalmanazar had now, therefore, an accomplice; and it was at the suggestion of Innes that he changed his native land to Formosa.

Doubtless the wily chaplain represented that, while there were some people in England who were acquainted with China and Japan, there was no one likely to have been to Formosa. With an odd forecasting of the future, Formosa was made out to be a possession of Japan, not of China. This was probably done to facilitate Psalmanazar's transition from Japanese to Formosan origin.

ANYONE LIKE TO HAVE MY JOB?

By CLIFF GORDON

FIRST, let me get it straight what my job is. I am an actor. O.K. That's nothing to shout about. Secondly, I work at the Windmill. So what? So there... so there are most of the glamorous girls that London and places far flung have produced... Don't turn over.

Now, do I tempt your imagination when I tell you that for twelve hours a day I am on very familiar terms with the aforesaid lovelies? Does it awaken some half-forgotten memory? For I know that the Service life is just a little bit deficient in glamour girls... You have to do without them so much you don't even miss them any more... Or could I be wrong?



Before I go any further, shall I tell you some more about the girls? I could talk about stage lighting, or should I tell you about the time I went on "improperly dressed," or shall I be a good guy and tell you about "Les Girls"... and you'd better pronounce that the French way.

DOUBLE-AND BLONDES.

I know them all, but the ones I know best are the ones I have worked doubles with. In my first show here I was led very kindly up to a blonde goddess and told I would have to kiss her five times a day for five weeks. I said it wasn't in my contract, but they said the best things in life were free, and then we started rehearsing...

In all the years I have worked in theatres I was never so early at rehearsals.

Well, that was Sonia. She's blonde, she's got a sense of humour that would make a Parliamentary report read like a Damon Runyon story. She has a figure that does everything it ought to do and then. She has been on holiday, but she's coming back to-morrow... Think I'll get any sleep to-night?

Then there's another blonde... Joan Rock. Now, Joan is something of a tonic, and you don't have to be a tired business man... or even tired. If you were feeling on top of the world and she came along, you'd find that the ceiling couldn't keep you down. She's a cockney, and, as is right, damn proud of it.

Incidentally, I am Welsh, and truculent if anybody suggests that there is a finer place in the world. But to get back to Joan, or have you already skipped the bit where I go personal? Joan is, amongst other things, a very fine comedienne, and she goes on holiday to-morrow... Think I'll get any sleep to-night?

NOW, RAY....

Then there's Ray. Now, Ray is what you would call... well, she's got everything, too. In the revue we have just finished she played with me in a thing called "Unconditional Surrender," in which I was a slow guy who couldn't pluck up enough courage to kiss her. By the way, I am a character actor... I was just thinking that from to-day I don't kiss her five times a day... Think I'll get any sleep to-night?

Have you seen any photographs of Margot? Or have you seen her at the theatre?

Did YOU get any sleep?

And there's Vicki and Huia and Joan and Renee and Pat and Pauline and Jean and Peggy and Pam and Valerie... and VALERIE!... Watch out for her in the new Arthur Askey film... What a girl!... Some say that she's Britain's Martha Raye, she's so funny, but, as far as I'm concerned, that sounds like taking Lease and Lend too far. They can have Martha Raye; we'll keep Valerie Tandy, and everybody will be happy.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

VERY TASTY

Yes. And we mean both the ice-cream, AND Ann Miller, Paramount star.



"I refuse to continue the argument. You're too stupid for words. ... And to think I used to call you 'Ducky Darling'... I must have been crackers."



This England

The charm of Somerset could not be better illustrated than in this view of the village of Luccombe.



"Come, come, don't be stupid, and stick to the pipe. I don't want to burst you, but you really must make a break-away."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lumme! She's blowing her tanks."

